

No. 23

AUGUST
10¢

AMAZING-MAN COMICS



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





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Boy!

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LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS

Featuring the LIBERTY SCOUTS, described below:

At Your Newsstand—
10c A Copy!

CURRENT CONTESTS

MILLIONS of dollars are given away each year as prizes in contests and thousands upon thousands of people share in this wealth. But, most contests are aimed at grown-ups—mother is asked to write a 25-word statement on why she likes a certain brand of shortening—dad is asked to write a 25-word statement on why he smokes this or that kind of cigars—and boys and girls are given very little opportunity to capture prizes without competing with older folks. Now, however, we have received news about a contest which only those up to 16 years of age may enter—a contest which rewards you for straight shooting and straight thinking—a contest with swell prizes which everyone can use. Here are the details about this contest:

The DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 977 Union Street, Plymouth, Mich., will award 210 prizes in a combination Shooting-Statement Contest, open to anyone up to and including 16 years of age. Each contestant must first shoot at an Official Target, then complete the sentence "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in twenty additional words or less in the space provided on the Official Target. Official entry blanks are obtainable at dealers selling Daisy Air Rifles. First and Second Prize is a two weeks' All-Expense-Paid Trip to Red Ryder's Rocky Mountain Rancho in Colorado. Other prizes include: Recordio Jr. Home Recorder-Radio-Phonographs (all in one), Daisy Targeteer Pistol Outfits, and Horse-Head Gun Brackets. Full details are given elsewhere in this magazine. Contest closes midnight, July 25, 1941, and all entries must be received by that date.

If you would like us to continue giving you news about contests for boys and girls let us know and we'll be glad to do so. Just drop a postcard to: Uncle Joe, Suite 1905, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., and tell us what you think of this new feature.

HEY PALS !!!

THEY'RE HERE!

STRUT, SMOKEY & SKIPPER—

LIBERTY SCOUTS



Meet STRUT—who can fly like a hawk, the most daring ace in the whole U.S.A.—his plane is a man-ridden rocket, a hurricane of speed!

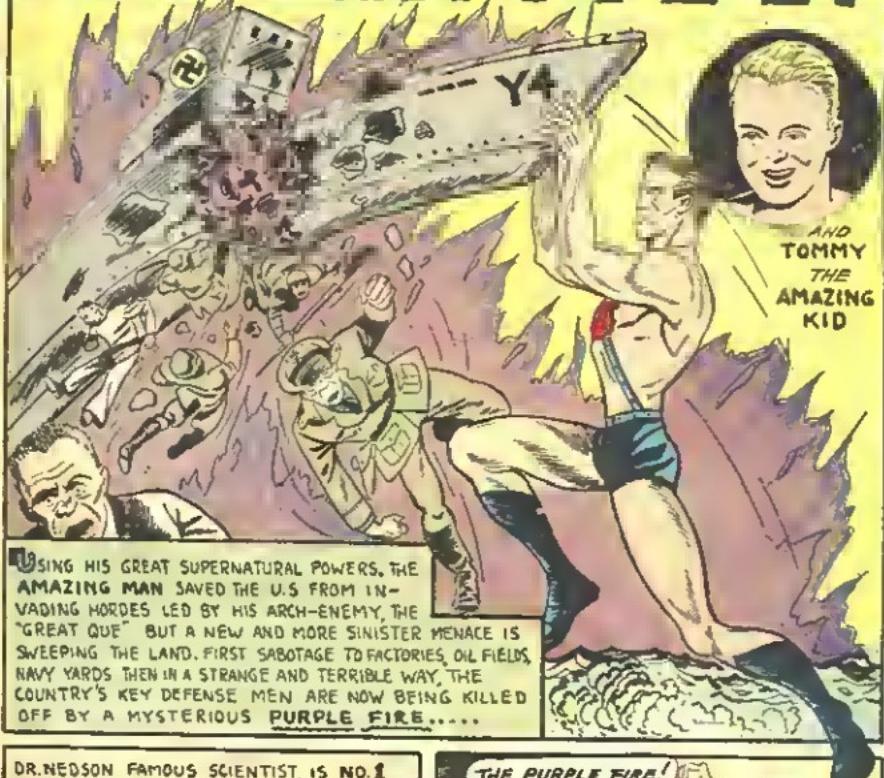
Meet SMOKEY—the world's most brilliant scientist and inventor—whose marvelous tank can travel at top speed over both land and water, and carries armor-piercing guns, special gas bombs, and a fully equipped workshop!

Meet SKIPPER—who swims like a fish and is the best sailor in the seven seas—whose super-submarine, an ocean-going arsenal, is far faster than any other ship above or below water!

Meet all three LIBERTY SCOUTS—in the pages of the brand new LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS—now on sale at your newsstand! They're three brothers, specially trained by their dad for service in the defense of the U.S.A. You'll get the thrill of a lifetime when you read how they defeat an overwhelming enemy force which threatens invasion of our Country! Don't miss this great story about American patriots—plus other features like "MAN OF WAR," "VAPO-MAN," "FIRE-MAN," and "DOPEY DAY"—they are all in the pages of LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS!

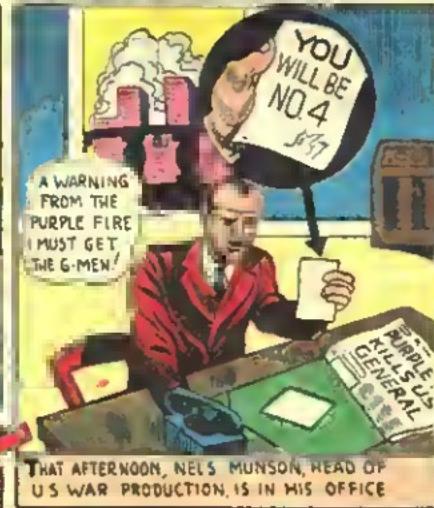
Get a Copy of LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS at the Newsstand TODAY!

THE AMAZING-MAN



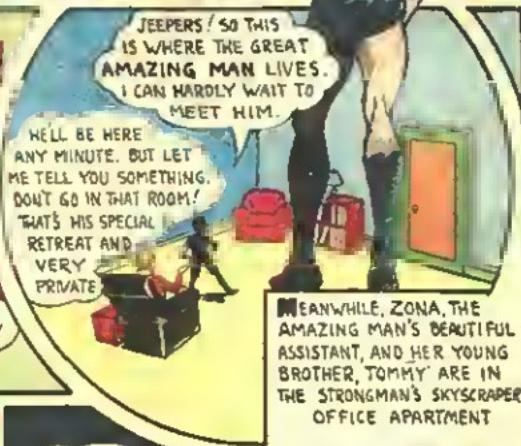
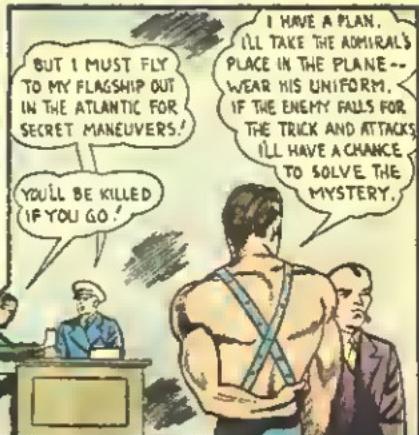
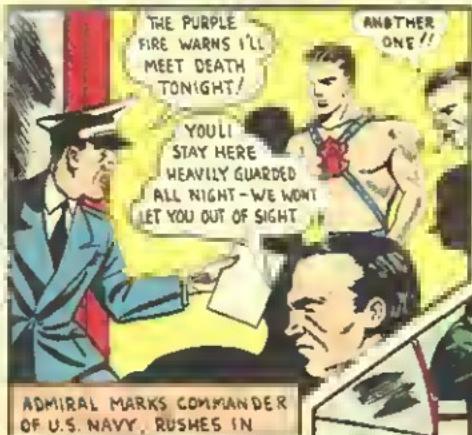
USING HIS GREAT SUPERNATURAL POWERS, THE AMAZING MAN SAVED THE U.S. FROM INVASING HORDES LED BY HIS ARCH-ENEMY, THE "GREAT QUE". BUT A NEW AND MORE SINISTER MENACE IS SWEEPING THE LAND. FIRST SABOTAGE TO FACTORIES, OIL FIELDS, NAVY YARDS THEN IN A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE WAY, THE COUNTRY'S KEY DEFENSE MEN ARE NOW BEING KILLED OFF BY A MYSTERIOUS PURPLE FIRE.....





AMAZING MAN HURLS
HIMSELF INTO SPACE





TOMMY ENTERS
FORBIDDEN ROOM

I'LL NEED
TO CONCENTRATE
ALL MY POWERS I'M
GOING IN MY ROOM
TO ASK NIKA'S
HELP!

THIS IS
SPOOKY!

JUMPIN'
JELLYBEANS!
HERE HE COMES,
AN' I'M NOT
SUPPOSED TO BE
IN HERE. I'LL
HIDE UNDER THE
COUCH!

OH, NIKA, WISE
MAN OF TIBET, COME
TO ME! I NEED
YOUR AID!

OH-H-H, HE'S CLOSED
THE DOOR, I WONDER
WHY HE'S MAKING
THOSE FUNNY SIGNS.

I AM HERE
AMAZING MAN,
TO HELP YOU!
BUT WHY HAVEN'T
YOU USED THE
GREAT POWERS
WE GAVE YOU?

I WISH TO WIPE
OUT A MADMAN WHO
SEEKS TO ENSLAVE
AMERICA. I NEED
EVEN GREATER POWERS
TO FIGHT OUR
ENEMY QUE!

THE WEIRD CHANT INSTANTLY
SUMMONS NIKA, HEAD OF THE
MYSTIC COUNCIL OF 12,

I SHALL GIVE
YOU GREATER
STRENGTH AND
POWER!

OHRRH! I'M HIT
BY LIGHTNING!
I FEEL ALL
TINGLEY.

YOU ARE TRULY
THE AMAZING MAN
NOW! MY SON.

THANK YOU,
OH NIKA! I GO TO
MEET THE ENEMY!
NIKA VANISHES...

I'M LEAVING TO
MEET THE ADMIRAL.
THERE'S NOT A SECOND
TO LOSE!

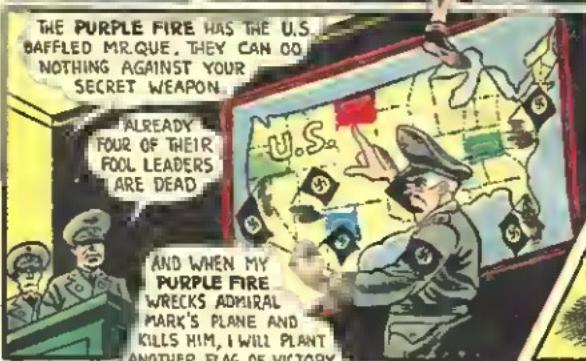
BE CAREFUL OF
THE GREAT QUE!

I WONDER WHERE
TOMMY IS...?
I'LL LOOK OUT IN
THE HALL.

THE DOOR SEEMS
LOCKED, BUT MAYBE IT'S
JUST STUCK. I'LL
TRY TO PUSH IT
OPEN.

IN THE SECRET
ROOM...

I JUST GAVE A
LITTLE PUSH AND
BLASTED RIGHT THRU.
AND GOSH, LOOK AT MY
BIG MUSCLES! WHY
I'M ALMOST LIKE THE
AMAZING MAN! SAAAAAY, I WONDER IF
THOSE FUNNY RAYS GAVE ME SUPER STRENGTH!



A MOMENT LATER TOMMY LANDS ON THE ROOF



THAT RADIO WILL DO THE TRICK ALL RIGHT— I'LL TELL EM THEY CAN TAKE OFF

SOON THIS GUY LEAVES I'LL DUCK INTO THE SHIP AND HIDE. I'M GOING TO HELP THE AMAZING MAN!

TOMMY CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN



MOMENTS LATER THE PILOT JUMPS OUT.....



I'M ZONA'S BROTHER TOMMY. I'M STRONG AND I CAN SOAR. I WANT TO HELP YOU.

BLAZES!! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

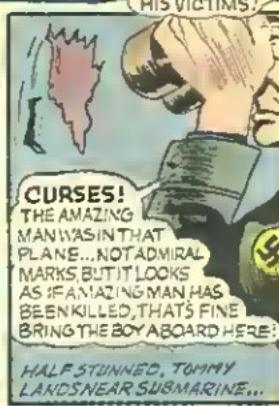
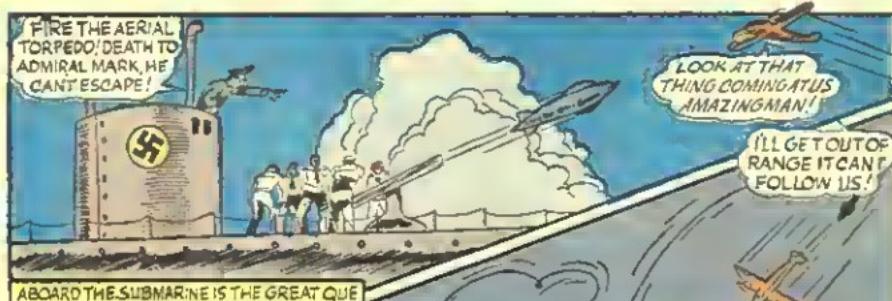
WHEN THE PLANE IS FAR OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC...

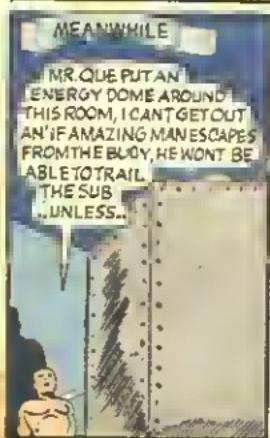
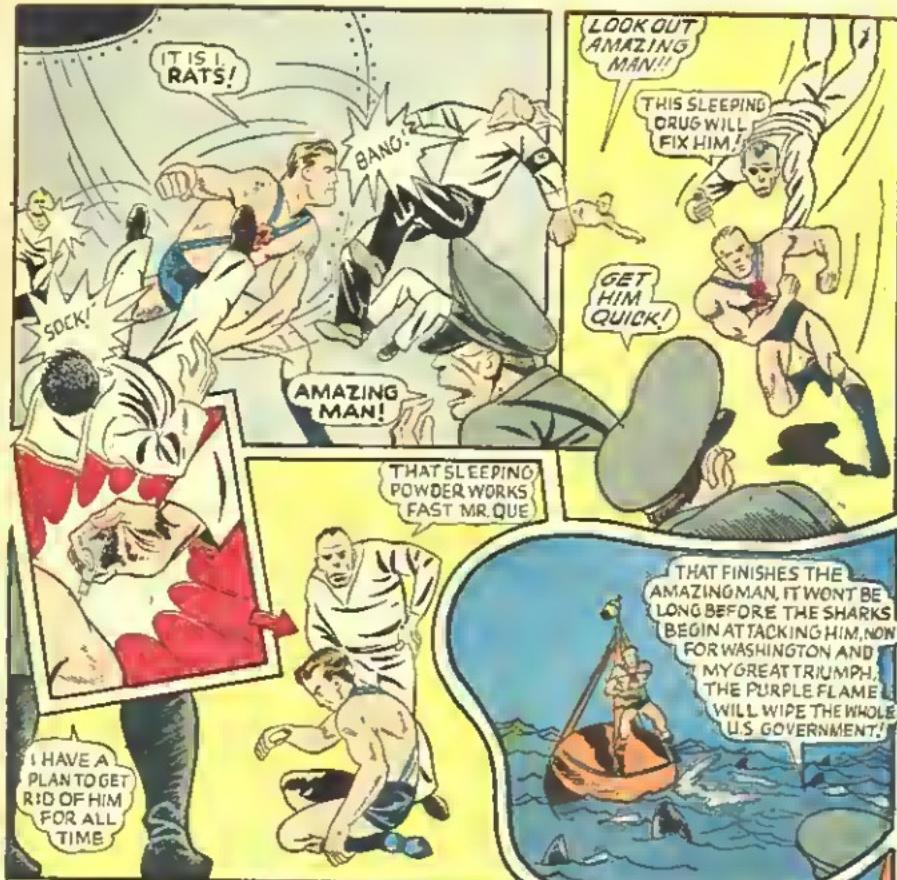


HASTILY TOMMY TELLS WHAT HAPPENED

IF WE'RE WRECKED AND YOU LAND IN THE WATER, BREAK THIS TUBE. THERE'S A STRONG DYE INSIDE. IT WILL COLOR THE OCEAN YELLOW AROUND YOU SO RESCUERS MAY FIND YOU.















The AMAZING MAN



14

BILLION DOLLARS
IN GOLD LIES
STORED IN THE
UNDERGROUND
VAULTS OF FORT
FOX, THE
TREASURE
HOUSE OF THE
U.S.A.
AND STILL
IT
COMES!



BUT THE GREAT QUE MASTER CRIMINAL IS ALREADY PLANNING A TERRIBLE COUP.



MEANWHILE, THE AMAZING MAN AND TOMMY ARE ON GUARD AT THE SECRET LOADING OF A GOLD TRAIN IN NEW YORK.



NOW IS THE TIME TO GLIDE DOWN IN OUR BATWINGS AND STEAL THE ENTIRE TRAIN SHOT TO KILL MEN! READY??!!

READY!



NOW WELL GRAB THE TRAIN AND GET AWAY!

WHAT A HAUL MILLIONS!

I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST THIS WIRED PARTITION SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



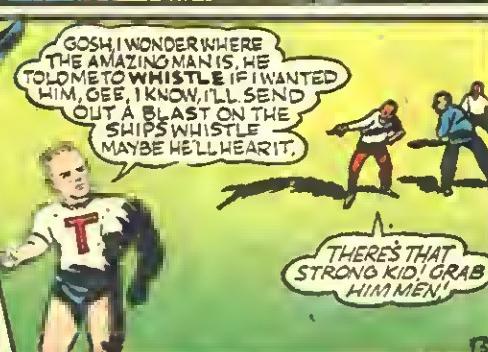


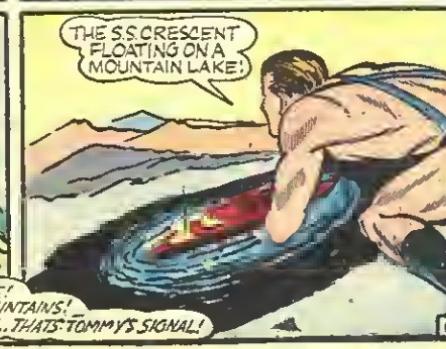
DESPERATELY
'THEY
SEARCH..
THEN...



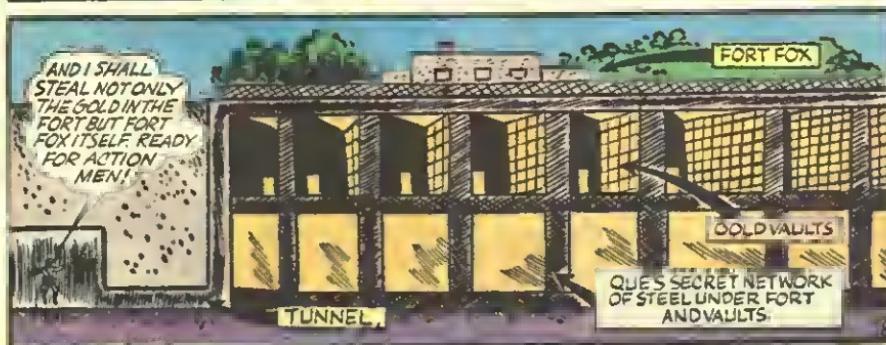
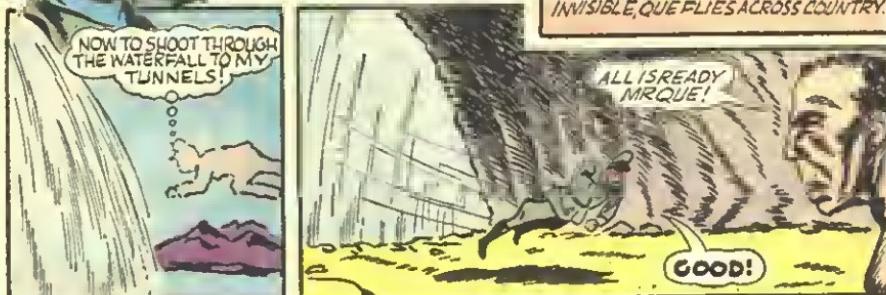


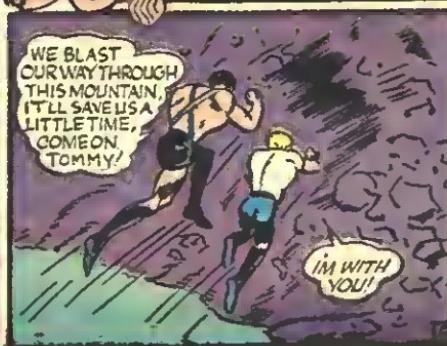
TEN MINUTES THE BLACKNESS LIFTS...









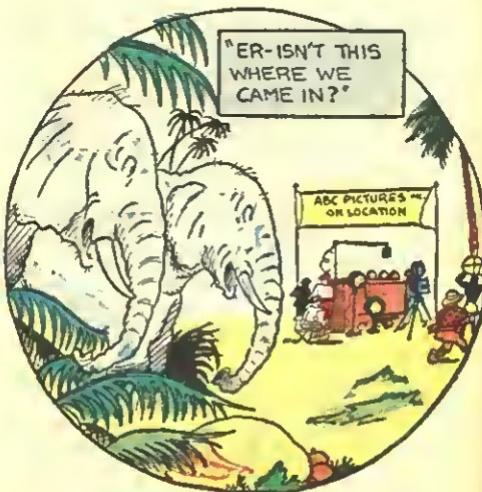






LIFE AT ITS WORST

by RAY HOLLIHAN.



MINIMIDGET

TO THIS FREE COUNTRY OF OURS COMES A HORDE OF SPIES AND SABOTEURS FROM OTHER COUNTRIES, WHO TRY TO LEARN OUR SECRETS OF DEFENCE SO AS TO INVADE US AND ENSLAVE US LATER. READ HOW MINIMIDGET HANDLES ONE SUCH GANG —

by John F. Kolb



IN HIS WELL EQUIPPED LABORATORY, JAMES GORMAN IS WORKING ON A POWERFUL INVENTION FOR UNITED STATES DEFENSE.



THIS WILL MAKE OUR COUNTRY THE STRONGEST IN THE WORLD. NO ONE WILL DARE ATTACK US BUT IF IT GETS INTO ENEMY HANDS IT WILL BE JUST TOO BAD FOR US.

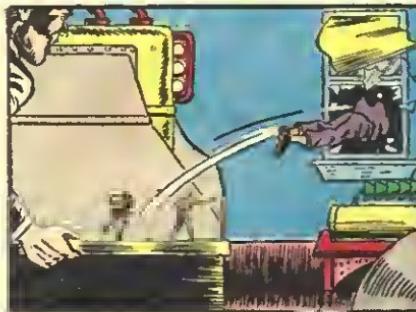


UNKNOWN TO GORMAN, AN EVIL, FOREIGN LOOKING MAN IS WATCHING HIM.



QUIETLY HE STEPPED UP BEHIND MR. GORMAN. AN EVIL GRIN SPREAD OVER HIS FACE.







IN MR. GORMAN'S LABORATORY
A MONTH LATER.

WELL, THEY'RE
ALL FINISHED.
THE LARGE RAY
GUN AND THE
SMALL HAND
GUN.

IF THEY WORK
ALRIGHT IN THE
TESTS THIS AFTER-
NOON THE AMERICAS
WILL BE SAFE
FROM INVASION.

GUARDED BY TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS
THEY LEAVE FOR THE TESTING GROUNDS
WITH THE RAYGUNS.

THE CAR TURNED A
CORNER AND DISAPPEARED.

HEH! HEH!
THE FOOLS!

ON THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE, L-R. LISTENS.

O.K.? RIGHT. "GOOD."

ALRIGHT
BOYS, LET'S GO.
THEY'VE STARTED
FOR THE TESTING
GROUNDS.
YONK, GET THE
TRUCK OUT!
HURRY UP!!

O.K. BOSS!

AT LAST,
SOME ACTION!

YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THE
CAR. THEY HAVE TWO COPS
GUARDING THEM. I'LL
FOLLOW TO PICK YOU
UP.

O.K. THEY'LL
NEVER KNOW WHAT
HIT THEM.

A MILE FROM THE TESTING GROUNDS THE TRUCK
CAUGHT UP AND STARTED TO PASS MR. GORMAN'S
CAR.



A TWIST OF THE WHEEL AND THE TRUCK
PUSHED THE CAR OFF THE ROAD
INTO A DITCH.

CRASH

THE TWO COPS TURNED
AND RACED BACK.

HAVE YOUR
GUN READY,
MIKE. THIS
DON'T LOOK
RIGHT TO
ME.



THE BACK OF THE TRUCK OPENED AND A TOMMY GUN CUT THE COPS DOWN IN THIER TRACKS.



L-R DREW UP IN THE GETAWAY CAR AND TOOK COMMAND.



MINIMIDGET AND RITTY LAY IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CAR, STUNNED. HE SOON CAME TO.



RITTY!
RITTY ARE
YOU ALRIGHT?

I'M ALL RIGHT!
SEE HOW MR. GORMAN IS.



ONE OF THE SABOTEURS PUT HIS HEAD INTO THE CAR, LOOKING FOR THE PLANS AND THE RAY GUNS.

SAY, THIS GUY GORMAN ISN'T DEAD YET. WHAT SHALL I DO?



KILL HIM! WE DON'T WANT ANY WITNESSES!



THE SPY RAISED HIS GUN TO KILL MR. GORMAN—THEN

SO THAT'S HOW IT IS!



THE MEN THOUGHT A HURRICANE HIT THEM WHEN MINIMIDGET STARTED SWINGING.









MEANWHILE— BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH A G-MAN SPEAKS.

SAY! I KNOW THESE GUYS. THEY'RE A BUNCH OF SPIES AND 5TH COLUMNISTS THAT WE WERE GETTING READY TO PICK UP.

WHERE DID U R GO WITH THOSE PLANS? TALK OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM.

I'LL TALK, OUCH! HE MUST HAVE GONE TO THE HIDEOUT AT 50 DALE AVE.

BILL, MIKE AND SLIM, COME WITH US. THE REST OF YOU TAKE THOSE MUGGS BACK AND LOCK THEM UP.

WITH A ROAR OF IT'S POWERFUL MOTOR THE CAR SPED TOWARD DALE AVE.

DID YOU SAY THAT THE ONE WHO ESCAPED TOOK BOTH RITTY AND MINIMIDGET, MR. GORMAN?

YES! MINIDGET CLIMBED INTO HIS POCKET AND HE GRABBED RITTY AS HE RAN AWAY.

I HOPE THEY'RE ALL RIGHT. THIS MUST BE THE PLACE HERE. TAKE IT EASY BOYS AND WATCH YOURSELVES.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

IT'S MR. GORMAN WITH SOME MEN!

IT IS? LET'S GO OUT AND MEET THEM.



CLAWS OF A CATSPA W

Once more in his mind
he became a criminal.



THE newspaper headlines said: POLICE PROMISE EARLY CAPTURE OF DUGAN BROTHERS BELIEVED HIDING IN CITY AFTER LATEST PAYROLL HOLDUP!

Slowly young Joey Bannon folded the morning paper into a neat roll and slouched his long, thin body into a more comfortable position on the East Side park bench.

"What suckers the Dugan brothers are!" Joey said, half aloud. "Maybe they'll get clean away, this time. Maybe they'll pull half a dozen more jobs, even. But sooner or later they'll get caught and then what good will all that dough do them. Prison! Long days and lonely nights behind bars, month after month. Suckers!"

Joey Bannon took a deep breath of the morning air. It was good to be out here in the open, to see the kids playing in the park, to feel the warm sun on your face. It was good even when people—all your old neighbors and friends on the East Side were against you—wouldn't give you a fresh start just because of a foolish thing you once did.

THEN a gruff voice broke into Joey's thoughts. It said: "All right, Joey Bannon. Get up. You're going with us!"

Joey looked up, startled, at the two men standing before him. His thin cheeks went very pale and his mouth pulled into a tight line. The men were big and burly, their faces grim. Joey Bannon knew them well. They were Detectives Drake and Carter from the Fourth Precinct. But Joey didn't move. He said:

by ROBERT TURNER

"You—you've made a mistake, fellows. I'm clean. I didn't do anything. I've been on the straight and narrow since I left the farm."

Neither of the detectives changed the expression of his face. As if at some silent signal they both reached down simultaneously and heavy fists grabbed Joey's thin arms, lifted him bodily off the bench. Joey knew better than to struggle. He had tried that once before and took a beating. Of course he was innocent this time, but he was taking no chances.

"We don't know anything about that, Joey," Drake said. "Maybe you're a good kid now and maybe you aren't. All we know is we've got orders to pick you up and bring you in."

"You—you're hurtin' my arms," Joey said, biting his lip. "I'll go quietly if you'll take it easy."

THE grip on his arms slackened and Joey asked: "What's the beef, boys? You can tell me that."

"Breaking into grocery stores and stealing cigarettes, candy and foodstuffs. The same rap that sent you to reform school for eighteen months, Joey. Three places been entered in your neighborhood the past week," Carter told him. "With you fresh back at the old hunting grounds, it looks bad."

"But—but," Joey protested, "It couldn't be me. I don't even smoke anymore. Why should I steal butts. I tell you I'm clean now. I learned my lesson! I'm no chump anymore. I'm trying to get a job and—and—"

He broke off abruptly. Both detectives were looking straight ahead, not paying any attention to him. They weren't hardly listening. Joey Bannon gave it up. There wasn't much use in talking. They were going to get him down to the station house and they were going to pin those jobs on him no matter how hard he yelled. And he couldn't blame them much. It did look bad.

They left the park and started down a narrow side street lined with tenements. This was Joey's neighborhood. All the kids on the street stopped playing and stared at Joey and the two big-shouldered detectives. Women hanging out the windows called to each other and pointed down.

AS they walked along Joey began to boil all up inside. It wasn't fair. It was bad enough that no one would give him a job, a chance to show that he had changed. But this was too much. They were going to railroad him right back to that cold, lonely prison farm. Or maybe he'd get the pen, this time. He was older now. And they'd call this second offense.

It all boiled up inside of Joey and it suddenly became too much for him. Suddenly his heart began to pound and the pulses in his wrist and a red haze misted before his eyes. Just as suddenly it all cleared and left him filled with a cold, grim determination.

He timed and planned the break perfectly. A procession of funeral cars. A quick, twisting yank away from the detectives, a swift, dodging dash across the street between the cars and down an alley and into a dark cellar. He got away clean.

Joey Bannon had long hours to think, cringing and hiding down there in the dark, cramped confines of a coal bin. Once more in his mind he became a criminal. He thought: If I was hoisting stuff from stores and had really pulled those last three jobs, where would I figure on the next one? It didn't take him long to figure Clancy's delicatessen as the next softest touch in the neighborhood. And then he had his plans complete.

IT was a little after midnight when Joey Bannon crawled forth, his thin, strained features streaked with soot, from his cellar hideout. In one bony fist he gripped a heavy poker he had found in the cellar.

Through back alleys, sticking close to the shadows, he slunk toward the rear exit of Clancy's Delicatessen. It was a cinch to pry open the cheap catch and slip into the blanketing blackness inside the store.

Once inside Joey made his way to the front of the store and crouched down behind a cracker barrel near the glass-enclosed cigarette case. He

was hardly settled when the squeaking sound of a rising window sounded from the rear of the store where Joey himself had entered. Joey froze stiffly, his legs and arms aching with tension. Sweat dewed his palms and his forehead as a husky, whispered voice said:

"I tell you I don't like the idea of the catch being off that window. We may be walking into a trap!"

"Nuts!" another voice answered. "Probably just broken. You know how dumb and careless these small shop-owners are!"

AND then, his eyes accustomed to the gloom now, Joey saw two hulking figures moving toward the cigarette case. A match flickered in a carefully cupped hand. Glass shattered with a tinkling crash as a gun-butt broke through the cigarette case.

That was the signal Joey Bannon had been waiting for. He shot up out of his hiding place like a jack-in-the-box, leaped toward the two vague figures in the dark, with his poker swing. ing.

There was a sickening crunch of iron against bone and one of the men pitched forward, upsetting the cigarette stand with a terrific crash. The other marauder, warned, managed to duck under Joey's next swing. The sudden roaring blast of a gun went off in Joey's face. The flame of gunpowder scorched his cheek. His ears rang with the noise. A heavy body lunged against his own thin form, knocking him spinning backward into a corner. Footsteps pounded toward the rear of the store. Joey fought to control his balance. He raised the poker over his shoulder and then heaved it spinning through the blackness toward the sound of those footsteps.

There was a groaning grunt, then a heavy thud. The poker clanged to the floor. Joey Bannon swayed dizzily as reaction tore at his taut nerves and he moved through the sudden heavy silence toward the street door.

SOMETIME later down at headquarters Detectives Drake and Carter pumped Joey Bannon's hands as Clancy, the delicatessen owner beamed happily.

"How did you know it was the Dugan brothers who were hoisting stuff from the stores, Joey?" Carter asked, admiringly.

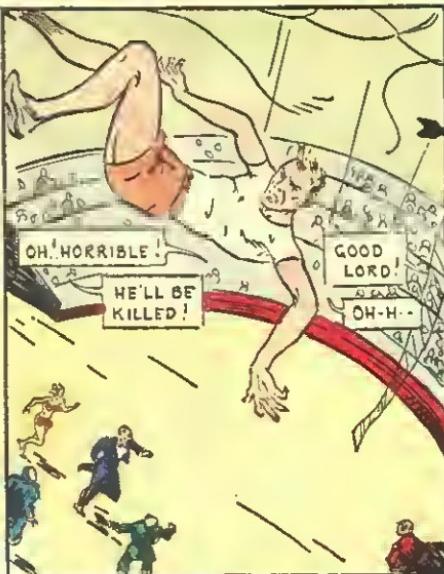
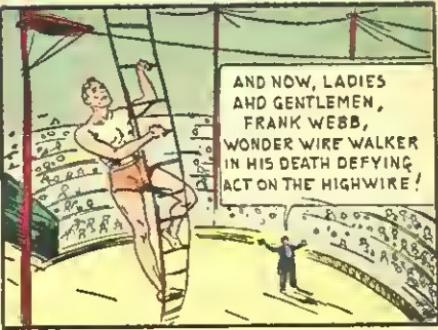
Joey flushed happily. "I—I didn't. I figured it *might* be them, since they were too hot to come out in daylight and buy supplies. But I figured that *whorver* it was, would try another job real soon and I was going to nab 'em and prove my innocence. You see, Crooks are dumb suckers!"

Mr. Clancy nodded knowingly. "You're going to make a mighty smart clerk for my store, Joey," he said.

END







AND THAT'S JUST
WHAT HAPPENED,
PAT. I'M SURE
FRANZETTI FILED
THAT WIRE HALF
THROUGH BUT I
CAN'T PROVE IT -
YET.

FRANZETTI IS A
BAD EGG, MIRACO.
I'LL FIRE HIM AS SOON
AS I CAN FIND ANOTHER
ANIMAL ACT TO TAKE
HIS PLACE. KEEP YOUR
EYE ON HIM IN THE
MEANTIME.

FRANZETTI, REALIZING THAT MIRACO IS
CONSTANTLY WATCHING HIM DETERMINES
TO GET RID OF HIM SO THAT HE CAN KILL
FRANK WEBB.



THEY'RE BOTH OF THEM ASLEEP AT LAST.
I CAN HEAR THEIR BREATHING. NOW'S
MY CHANCE TO FINISH THAT MEDDLING
MIRACO FOR EVER.



IF THAT DOESN'T AWAKE
THEM I'LL KNOW THEY'RE
REALLY UNCONSCIOUS.

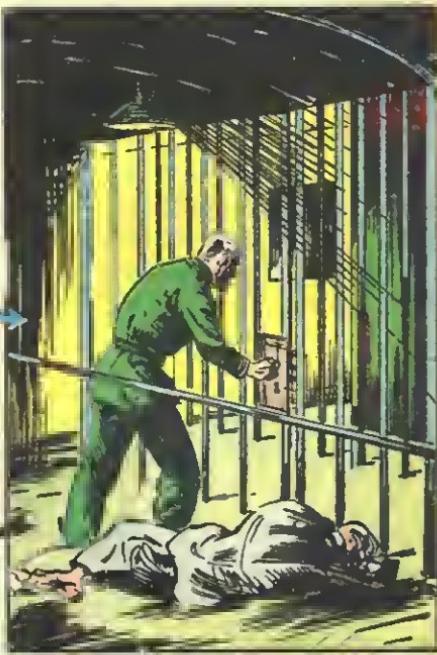


THIS CHLOROFORM OUGHT TO
MAKE THEM SLEEP ALL RIGHT.
I'LL CLOSE THE WINDOW NOW
AND GIVE IT A LITTLE TIME
TO WORK.



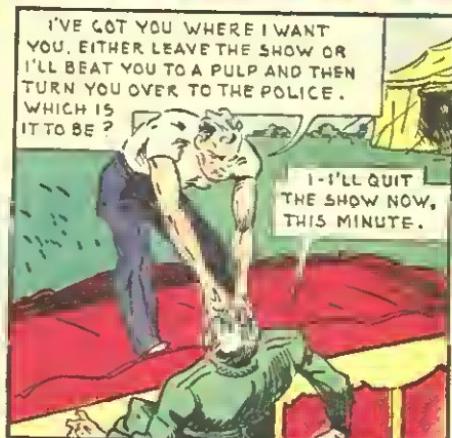
NOW TO GIVE
COLOSSUS A
PLAYFELLOW.





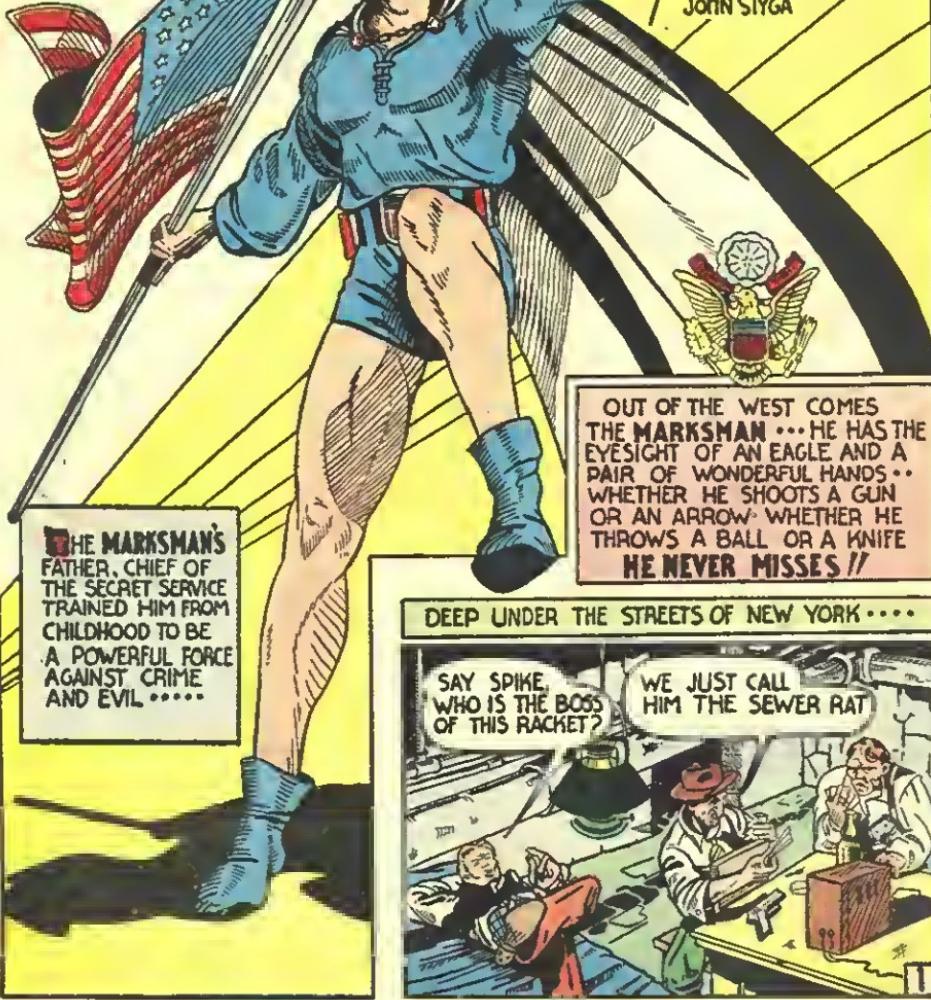






THE MARKSMAN

by ABEL SEIDMAN
AND JOHN STYGA



THE MARKSMAN'S FATHER, CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE TRAINED HIM FROM CHILDHOOD TO BE A POWERFUL FORCE AGAINST CRIME AND EVIL

OUT OF THE WEST COMES THE MARKSMAN ... HE HAS THE EYESIGHT OF AN EAGLE AND A PAIR OF WONDERFUL HANDS .. WHETHER HE SHOOTS A GUN OR AN ARROW; WHETHER HE THROWS A BALL OR A KNIFE HE NEVER MISSES !!

DEEP UNDER THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

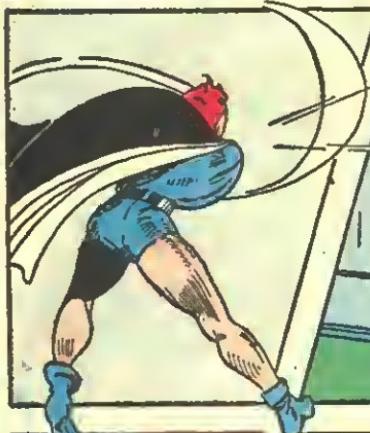
SAY SPIKE,
WHO IS THE BOSS
OF THIS RACKET?

WE JUST CALL
HIM THE SEWER RAT









THE MARKSMAN LOOKING THRU
THE KEY HOLE SEES THE SEWER
RAT GIVING ORDERS

TOMORRW YOU WILL
STEAL MACHINE GUNS
FROM THE ARMY CAMP
THE DOOR TO THE
STOCK ROOM WILL
BE OPEN

OKEY BOSS, LETS
SLEEP IN THE MUSEUM
THAT'S RIGHT OVER
THIS TUNNEL

WHO ARE
YOU

LOOK AROUND
BOYS

HIT FIRST ... ASK
QUESTIONS
AFTERWARD

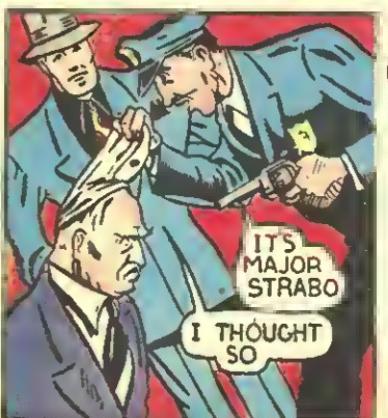
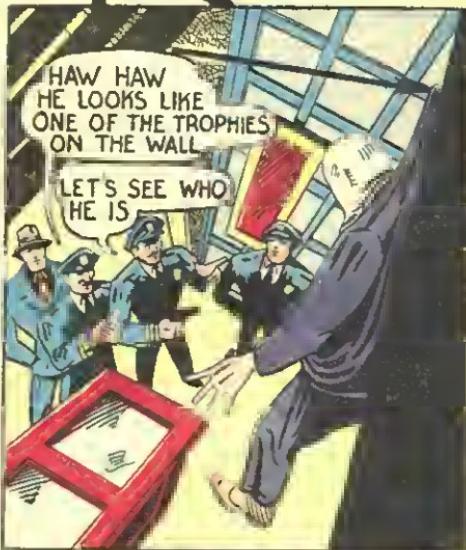
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE BEFORE
THE POLICE HEAR
THE RACKET

I'M RIGHT
BEHIND YOU

BULLS-EYE!

YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME ALIVE

THIS IS
GOING TO
BE A
DELICATE
SHOT



PHIL AND BILL

BOYS WILL BE BOYS!

by
ART HELFANT.

WE'RE THE MEN YOU 'PHONE'D FOR TO FIX UP YOUR RESTAURANT MISTER CLAMBAKE...I'M PHIL!
-AND I'M BILL!





THE MIGHTY MAN



BY MARTIN FLOOCK

AT THE PRESIDENT'S COMMAND THE WHOLE NATION MOBILIZES FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE - BUT THE MYSTERIOUS SINKING OF STEAMBOATS, PLUS A SCORE OF FULLY-LOADED COAL BARGES HAS CLOGGED UP THE MAIN WATER WAY - AND THUS SLOWED UP THE PRODUCTION OF STEEL! — WITH A SHORTAGE IN STEEL THE DRIVE FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE HAS STOPPED!!!

THE STEAMBOAT THAT COULDN'T BE SUNK

THE MIGHTY MAN DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE THESE SINKINGS!



WELL, THE LESS HE DOES APPEAR
ON THE SPOT THAT SAME EVENING

I'M GOING TO FIND
OUT WHAT CAUSED
HER TO SINK OR
DIE TRYING

A GIRL!

I WONDER WHAT
SHE'S DOING HERE?
I'LL TALK HER SENSE
OUT OF IT - SHE
MIGHT LEAD ME
INTO SOMETHING!

WHAT DID
I DO TO YOU
GUYS?

LEAD HIM INTO
SOMETHING SHE
DID - THE MIGHTY
MAN FOLLOWS
HER ABOUT FIFTY
YARDS WHEN
BEDLAM BREAKS
LOOSE AS FOUR
MEN JUMP HIM

YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!

UCH

I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE!

COME BACK HERE
I WANT TO ASK YOU
A FEW QUESTIONS

BY THOUGHT SUGGESTION THE MIGHTY MAN GROWS A LONG ARM

WHAT DID YOU
FELLOWS WANT?
ANSWER ME!
GOSH! HE'S OUT COLD!

WHAT'S
THAT?

HELP!
HELP!



THE YOUNG LADY PROMPTLY TELLS HER STORY





THE CAPTAIN IS ALMOST FLOORED WITH ASTONISHMENT THE NEXT MORNING WHEN SHE SEES THE BESSIE FLOATING LIKE A CORK UPON THE RIVER!



A FEW HOURS LATER, THE MIGHTY MAN APPEARS WITH HALF A DOZEN WORKERS!

WILL WE BE ABLE TO OPERATE WITH THIS MANY? THERE APPEARS TO BE A SHORTAGE IN DECKHANDS!

WE MIGHT - TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T HIRE ONE MORE, THO! THE DOC COULDN'T EXPLAIN PATTY'S CONDITION! IF HE DOESN'T TALK BY TOMORROW I'M TO TAKE HIM BACK FOR ANOTHER CHECK-UP!

SHORTHANDED THE BESSIE SETS SAIL IMMEDIATELY



SOMETIMES LATER WE FIND THE STEAMBOAT MILES UP THE RIVER PUSHING EMPTIES

HOW'S TRICKS, CAP?

FINE! A FEW MORE MILES AND WE'LL GET SOME LOADED BARGES FOR PITTSBURGH!



LOOK! TROUBLE!

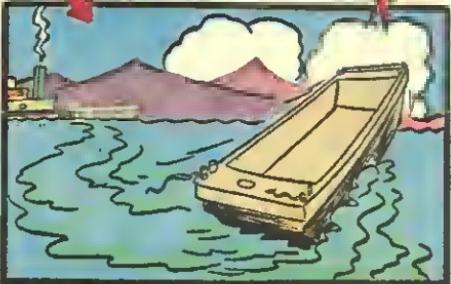
IT'LL BE BAD IF THE BARGE HITS US!

QUICK TO GRASP THE SITUATION THE MIGHTY MAN DIVES INTO THE RIVER

I'M NOT READY TO DISCLOSE MY IDENTITY, YET!

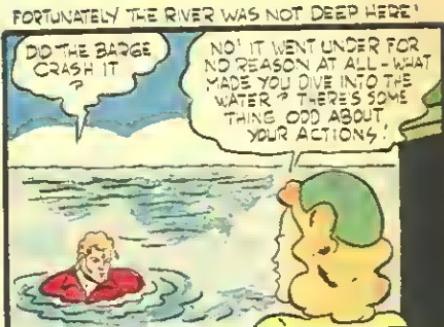


THE UNSEEN FORCE WAS THE MIGHTY MAN



ONE OF THE EMPTY BARGES HAD WORKED LOOSE AND WAS GOING TO RAM THE STEAMBOAT

A SECOND LATER, SOME UNSEEN FORCE PUSHES THE BARGE FAR UP STREAM BEFORE IT CAN CRASH INTO THE TUG!



OCEANWISE THE CAPTAIN IS HAVING HER SHARE OF TROUBLES



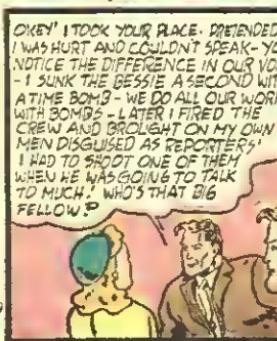
THE MIGHTY MAN HAD SHRUNK AND DROPPED TO THE LOWER DECK







BUT THE MIGHTY MAN DOESN'T HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY - A SPEEDBOAT COMES OUT NOWHERE AND CRASHES HEAD-ON INTO THE FLEEING CRAFT!



WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S

STRAIGHT SHOOTIN'-
AND THINKIN' WINS
A TRIP TO MY RANCHO

ME HOPE YOU
WANNUM PRIZE!

ROCKY MOUNTAIN
RANCHO

210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Rancho!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods. Then cowboy life on the Rancho—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Harman actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Enter!

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5 THROU
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PRIZES

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Win one of three 101 DAISY Targeteer Air Pistol Outfits with 600 Targets, "Spinning Birdie" Targets, 20 Target Cards, \$2.00 Back-stop. VALUE each

100 FIFTH
PRIZES

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Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wood-cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER." VALUE each \$1.00

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FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR OF HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist, as his PERSONAL GIFT!



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CONTEST RULES

(1) Each contestant must shoot an Official Target and complete THE SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because _____" in 20 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.

(2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must be returned to Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.

(3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.

(4) Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the continental United States.

(5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished you Free at your Daisy Dealer. If you write us direct for Free Official Target, enclose 2c stamp to cover our mailing handling cost of sending Official Target to you.

(6) Contestants must submit only one Official 5-Bull Target. They must shoot at each bull's eye 5 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 lowest count for score. These 25 shots must be shot consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.

(7) Standing position without artificial support must be used.

(8) Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.

(9) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score plus originality of thought in finishing the SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because..." in 20 words or less.

(10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contests and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.

ENTER DAISY'S Rootin' Tootin' SHOOTIN' CONTEST now and shoot to win! Every boy in the U.S.A. has the opportunity to WIN one of those TWO FREE RANCHO TRIPS plus Fred Harman's own PERSONAL COPY of Hand-Made Chaps—or one of 5 new portable RECORDIO JR. Home Recorder Radio Phonographs—Wonder Machines each worth \$39.95—or one of 101 Daisy Targeteer Target Pistols—or one of 100 pairs of Horse-Head Gun Brackets! Think of the FUN you'll have shooting your Official Target! Tell your friends about this great DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't seen an air rifle

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET AND ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS!
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Do this today—now! Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and

is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!

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| 1 Reporting Sky Rocket | .10 |
| 5 Net-ze Boy Salutes | .10 |
| 10 Lg. Pkg. Ass't. Crackers | .75 |
| 1 Reporting Cones | .10 |
| 5 Marble Flash Salutes | .10 |
| 2 Red Torch | .10 |
| 1 Sky Battle | .10 |
| 1 Pkg. Lady Crackers | .15 |
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